

Good Morning 533

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch
With the co-operation of the Office of Admiral (Submarines)

Hilda Goes into Action Sto. George Robinson

ANY day now, any hour now, a stranger is expected at the home of Stoker George Robinson.

That's why, when "Good Morning" representatives called at 11 Mentmore Road, Belfield, Rochdale, the door of the house was opened quickly—'because it might have been him.'

Your mother opened the door, George, and she rushed to open it because any day now brother Tom may be back home after five years in India with the Air Force.

Tom, you should have been told in your letters, has been ill for some time with fever, and now your Mother has had word saying that he's fit to travel and is on his way home.

Mother is terribly excited, and says she's even scared to leave the house for fear there's some further news of him.

Though she's expecting another wire, she doesn't put it past Tom just walking in as a surprise.

Dad, brothers Alan and Charlie, and sister Hilde, are looking forward to the homecoming also and perhaps 14-years-old Hilde is the most excited... because she's almost forgotten what Tom is like!

Hilde is now working close to her brothers at the Low-



Army Goes by Cook's

AS the war nears its end, many people find their thoughts veering towards trips and week-end jaunts unhampered by war restrictions. Among other pleasant day-dreams, they may happily read how, in brilliant sunshine on a certain gay morning 103 years ago, 370 trippers boarded a column of primitive rail trucks at Leicester, and were jogged

Here is the amazing story of how Thomas Cook, writer and temperance lecturer built up the world's largest tourist agency and became a household word as told by MAURICE BENTLEY

uncomfortably off to spend the day at Loughborough, twenty miles away.

It was the first personally conducted rail excursion ever made; each passenger paid 1s. for the round trip, and the man who arranged it all was Thomas Cook—writer, temperance lecturer, founder of the largest tourist agency in the world.

Big holiday excursions are events that begin and close with the summer season, but Cook's Tours are bound by no such limits; they're international in scope, and therefore know no seasonable bounds. Like John Bull, Epsom salts, Marcel, Pullman, the term is an everyday household word, and enjoys a national, even international, significance of which its originator never dreamed.

To most of the work Thomas Cook tackled he applied himself with 100 per cent. enthusiasm, and the new notion of day trips was no exception. The rollicking success of this first excursion encouraged him to pursue the enterprise further, and he persuaded the then Midland Railway Company to place a few trains at his disposal, on the understanding that he found the people to fill them.

Cook's next tour was a more ambitious one. It ran from Leicester, his home town, to North Wales, the Isle of Man and Dublin, and back. Each passenger was issued with a guide to the places of interest on the route—a modest foretaste of the lavish guide books that are issued by the company to-day for tours in all parts of the world.

So great was the public's

response to these modest efforts that Mr. Cook now decided to put his scheme on a regular business footing, and to devote himself entirely to the business of pleasure excursions.

Assiduously he searched for all the most beautiful spots in the Kingdom and then set to to make it possible for others to visit them with the minimum of bother and expense.

In 1855 the French arranged a big show in Paris, and it was this that gave Cook the idea of encouraging English folk to make trips to the Continent. Inside twelve months he had organised an extensive scheme of Circular Tours, which were the forerunners of the European Tourist System that to-day encircles the whole world.

At first these Continental tours were just small personally conducted parties, but these soon gave place to the celebrated Coupon system, from which in turn evolved the International Travel Tickets in universal use to-day.

Printed in the language of the country of use, as well as in English, the Travel Coupon proved a tremendous boon to those who preferred independent travel rather than as members of a conducted party.

Branch offices had now been opened in all the leading cities and holiday centres, not only in the British Isles, but throughout the world. In fact, the Cook organisation had become international both in scope and reputation.

So when, in 1870, following the Franco-Prussian War, French trains were under the orders of the German military authorities, it was Cook who was asked to carry food and relief to the starving citizens of Paris. In the same year he was appointed by the Khedive to act as agent to the Egyptian Government for passenger traffic on the Nile.

So well and truly were the duties of this post discharged that when the British Government despatched its expedition to the relief of General Gordon

at Khartoum in 1884, Cook's were given the contract to transport 18,000 troops and 40,000 tons of munitions and stores to the Second Cataract. Although the relief force arrived just too late to save Gordon, it was instrumental in altering the whole course of history in this sphere of British colonisation.

"No one else," wrote Lord Wolseley to Thomas Cook when it was all over, "could have helped us as you did."

Most big travel undertakings find their way to the Thomas Cook organisation. At the request of the Viceroy of India, it organised the great pilgrimage of Mohammedan Indians to Mecca, also the Kaiser's famous tour of Palestine in 1898, and the homecoming of thousands of Britons who found themselves stranded on the Continent at the outbreak of World Wars 1 and 2.

After the 1914-18 war, pleasure travel revived, and in 1936 the company organised the biggest pilgrimage on record—Canadian war heroes and their relatives to the French and Flanders battlefields. In the following year it brought an Empire to pay homage at the Coronation of its King.

In the 100 years that have passed since the foundation of the business, enormous strides have been made in the development of travel. Cook's have kept strictly abreast of every such development, and can arrange for journeys practically anywhere by any mode of transport, not only by rail and sea, but also by road and air.

In addition, every class of business that has the remotest connection with that of a world-wide tourist agency is transacted by the company—banking, currency exchange, and life assurance; storage, household removals; shipment of pets and livestock, with attendance during transit; a theatre ticket service; even a house-hunting department and a free scholastic service designed to help parents and guardians in the choice of schools and vocational training.

More and more, foreign travel will become an essential of modern education. History comes to life, geography takes on a new dimension, foreign languages seem real and purposeful. The young mind, assailed on all sides with new impressions, new points of view, new stimuli, grows and expands.

You can Insure Anything

BRISK business is being done in the insurance world on the exact date the war will end. Some of the guesses are pretty fantastic, but in the files of Lloyd's and other insurance companies you will find policies that seem quite haywire; but they're all in the day's gamble to the brokers.

The other day a film starlet got her first big contract, and promptly took out a policy insuring herself for £1,000 against falling in love! Even stranger was the policy taken out by an American dance band leader. He insured his Russian accent for a hundred thousand dollars.

Much more sensible was the precaution taken by the great Paderewski, who insured his fingers for £1,000 apiece.

There is the classic case of Mistinguette, who hit the front page when she insured her legs against injury for the handsome sum of £20,000 the pair.

Yes, the insurance companies will insure you against anything, and sometimes they live to regret it.

The ex-King of Siam has an £8,000-a-year income coming in, it is said, on a policy insuring himself against the loss of his throne.

Often there is drama behind the insurance policy. Some time after winning the Derby the great colt, Windsor Lad, became seriously ill. He seemed certain to die, and his owner thought that he should be humanely destroyed.

But the famous horse was insured at Lloyd's for £45,000, and the underwriters decided to have an operation performed. He was saved by a brilliant bit of surgery.

Finally, the matter went up to arbitration, and the owner was paid about half the insurance value, plus all the vet. fees. Windsor Lad then passed into the ownership of Lloyd's.

"There's nothing like being prepared," the insurance salesman always assures us, and some people take the advice very seriously.

A tough business man was persuaded to go to a revivalist meeting. Before setting out for the hall he took the precaution of insuring himself

against the chance of being converted!

An English Peer had very definite views on who his relatives should marry. Rather worried about his niece, he took out a policy against her eloping.

But one must hand the insurance biscuit to the Londoner who protected himself for £20,000 against the consequences of ever losing his temper with his mother-in-law! We don't know if he has ever collected.

ALEX BRUCE.



ALL HERE IN PICTURE A.B. Ronald Piercy

THEY'RE saving suet at Rusholme, Manchester, for those dumplings of yours, A.B. Ronald Piercy. There might be some pork chops, too, when you next come home.

Wife Agnes, and Mother-in-law, Mrs. Agnes White, haven't forgotten your weaknesses. By the way, you owe Mrs. White five bob. "He'll know," she assured us.

We're still waiting for something in the "Forces' Favourite" programme, Mrs. Piercy wants us to remind you. And are you doing the millionaire stuff with cigars yet? Incidentally, here's a tip-off that may be of use to you. Mother-in-law likes you best with the pipe!

Mrs. Piercy had just been to see Crosby's film, "Going My Way." She says it is grand, and she'll see it again with you.

Brother-in-law Stan was at home, too, at 36, Princess Street, and is looking forward to a few "Conquerors" at the Temperance Billiards Saloon. He passes on a message from John Thurrell who asks to be remembered to you and wishes you all the luck in the world.

Your wife also met a few pals from the News Theatre. She visits Nora Wild who is still waiting to hear from you.

They're all here in the picture, and Agnes sends it to you with her love, and best wishes from all at home.

Raspberries
are our
favourite
fruit



So write and tell us
what you really think
about

"GOOD MORNING"

LETTERS TO:—

"Good Morning,"
c/o Press Division, Admiralty,
London, S.W.1.

IN LIMEHOUSE REACH

Love finds a way in this

"TWO DAY TALE"

By W. W. JACOBS

IT was the mate's affair all through. He began by leaving the end of a line dangling over the stern, and the propeller, though quite unaccustomed to that sort of work, wound it up until only a few fathoms remained. It then stopped, and the mischief was not discovered until the skipper had called the engineer everything that he and the mate and three men and a boy could think of. The skipper did the interpreting through the tube which afforded the sole means of communication between the wheel and the engine-room, and the indignant engineer did the listening.

The *Gem* was just off Limehouse at the time, and it was evident she was going to stay there. The skipper ran her ashore and made her fast to a roomy old schooner which was lying alongside a wharf. He was then able to give a little attention to the real offender, and the unfortunate mate, who had been the most inventive of them all, realised to the full the old saying of curses coming home to roost. They brought some strangers with them, too.

"I'm going ashore," said the skipper at last. "We won't get off till next tide now. When it's low water you'll have to get down and cut the line away. A new line, too! I'm ashamed of you, Harry."

"I'm not surprised," said the engineer, who was a vindictive man.

"What do you mean by that?" demanded the mate fiercely.

"We don't want any of your bad temper," interposed the skipper severely. "Nor bad language. The men can go ashore, and the engineer too, provided he keeps steam up. But be ready for a start about five. You'll have to mind the ship."

He looked over the stern again, shook his head sadly, and, after a visit to the cabin, clambered over the schooner's side and got ashore. The men, after looking at the propeller and shaking their heads, went ashore too, and the boy, after seeming unaware of his presence, looking at the propeller and getting ready to shake his, caught the

mate's eye and omitted that part pair of ravishing lips at a blackbird, of the ceremony, from a sudden conviction that it was unhealthy. the mainmast.

Left alone, the mate, who was of a sensitive disposition, after a curt nod to Captain Jansell of the schooner *Aquila*, who had heard of the disaster, and was disposed to be sympathetically inquisitive, lit his pipe and began moodily to smoke.

When he next looked up the old man had disappeared, and a girl in a print dress and a large straw hat sat in a wicker chair reading. She was such a pretty girl that the mate forgot his troubles at once, and, after carefully putting his cap on straight, strolled casually up and down the deck.

To his mortification, the girl went ashore too, and the boy, after seeming unaware of his presence, looking up and chirping with a

"That's a nice bird," said the mate, leaning against the side, and turning a look of great admiration upon it.

"Yes," said the girl, raising a pair of dark blue eyes to the bold brown ones, and taking him in at a glance.

"Does it sing?" inquired the mate, with a show of great interest.

"It does sometimes, when we are alone," was the reply.

"I should have thought the sea air would have affected its throat," said the mate, reddening. "Are you often in the London river, miss? I don't remember seeing your craft before."

"Not often," said the girl. "You've got a fine schooner here," said the mate, eyeing it critically. "For my part, I prefer a sailer to a steamer."

"I should think you would," said the girl.

"Why?" inquired the mate tenderly, pleased at this show of interest.

"No propeller," said the girl quietly, and she left her seat and disappeared below, leaving the mate gasping painfully.

Left to himself, he became melancholy, as he realised that the great passion of his life had commenced, and would probably end within a few hours. The engineer came aboard to look at the fires, and, the steamer being now on the soft mud, good-naturedly went

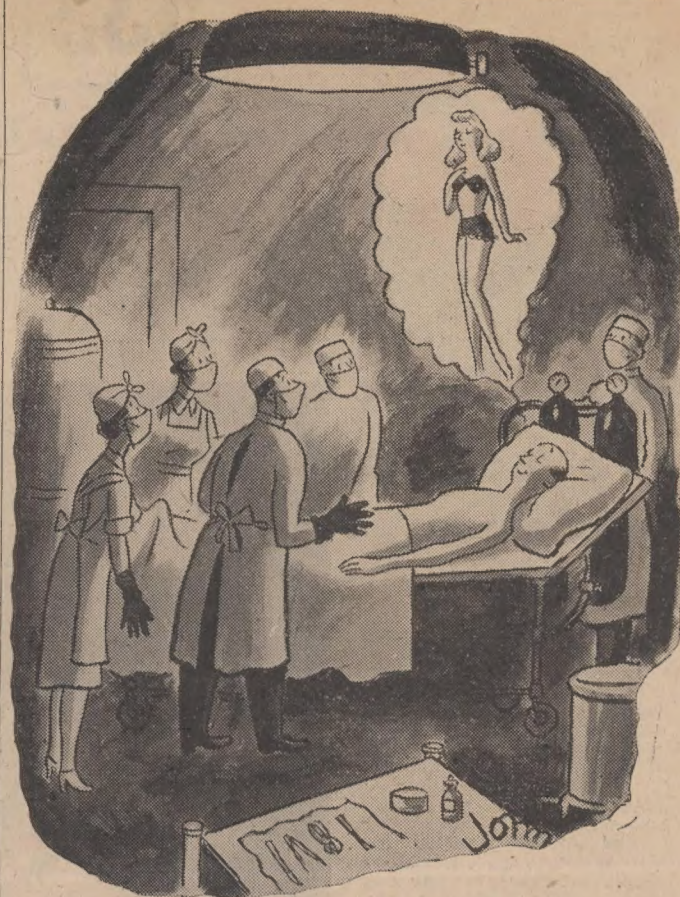
down and assisted him to free the propeller before going ashore again. Then he was alone once more, gazing ruefully at the bare deck of the *Aquila*.

It was past two o'clock in the afternoon before any signs of life other than the blackbird appeared there. Then the girl came on deck again, accompanied by a stout woman of middle age, and an appearance so affable that the mate commenced at once.

"Fine day," he said pleasantly, as he brought up in front of them.

"Lovely weather," said the mother, settling herself in her chair and putting down her work ready for a chat. "I hope the wind lasts; we start to-morrow morning's tide. You'll get off this afternoon, I s'pose."

(Continued on Page 3)



Anna's hectic!

QUIZ for today

hedge with a ditch each side of it?

6. All the following are real words except one; which is it?—Scene, Schena, Schene Schema, Scheme, Schism, Schist.

Answers to Quiz in No. 532

1. Gleeke is a golf-club, card game, vegetable, folk dance, Scottish valley?
2. How many common flowers can you think of beginning with P?
3. What is the common name for the bird called "Scobby"?
4. What strait separates Scotland from Ireland?
5. What name is given to a

1. Rafter.
2. Pace of asses.
3. Fenne!, Flag, Flax, Forget-me-not, Foxglove, Furze.
4. (a) re-spun and woven waste silk, (b) re-woven woolen rags, (c) re-woven trimmings of new cloth.
5. Cook Strait.
6. Saracella.

I get around

RON RICHARDS'

COLUMN



TUCKED away somewhere in a crazy pattern of twisting roads, the sleepy village of Ile Abbots, Somerset, has every reason to overlook the war.

In its isolation it has not been changed by buzz-bombs or the old-fashioned ones. Its apples and cherries grow in profusion. Its dogs sleep in the roadway. Life goes on, as it has always gone on, slowly and leisurely.

But the 140 people of Ile Abbots have put themselves in the war. They have taken thirty-nine evacuees from London and Southern England and housed them in most of their forty-four picturesque, thatch-roofed cottages.

"Evacuees are nothing new to us," says Mrs. Priddle, wife of the village carpenter. "They came during the 1940 blitzes in London, and we've had them off and on ever since."

Seventeen children and twenty-two elderly people have in five weeks become part and parcel of the village. The church of St. Mary has a bigger congregation than ever, and the queue at the bus stop, a mile up one of the twisting roads, is longer than it has ever been for the two buses that run every day into Taunton.

Overcrowded Ile Abbots has one real problem, though. "What is going to happen when the children start school?" they ask.

The village schoolroom is just big enough to accommodate the twenty-three "regulars," but with seventeen other pupils the little room belonging to the Baptist Chapel may have to be brought into use.



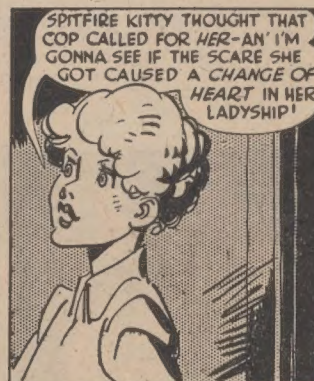
I WASN'T so surprised to hear the Glasgow lament at that city's central station the other Saturday. Seems everybody there likes to sing about where they are having a good time on Saturday night. But when the Crosby warble punctuated the line "Glasgow belongs to me," I took notice.

True enough, it was Bing, and he did croon with the drunks, at the special request of a gang of women porters. We boarded the same train for London, and the millionaire crooner told me he liked his first few minutes in Britain.

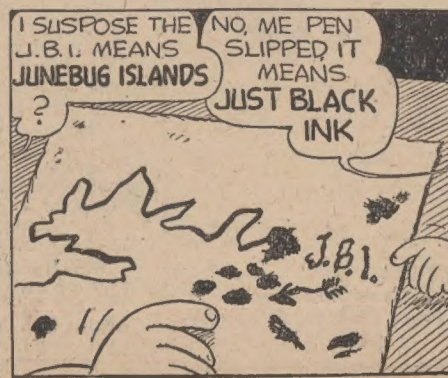
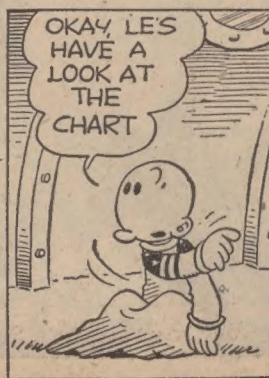
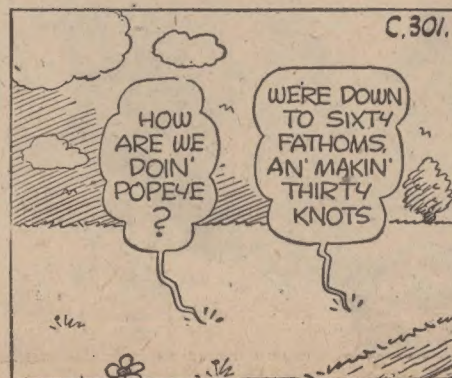
BEELZEBUB JONES



BELINDA



POPEYE



WANGLING WORDS

472

1. Insert consonants in *E**E**O* and *A**O** and get two inventors of engines.
2. Here are two birds whose syllables, and the letters in them, have been shuffled. What are they?
GLINKLABC — BRIDRATS.
3. If "engine" is the "gin" of machinery what is the gin of (a) Fancy, (b) Borders?
4. Find the two herbs hidden in: It's age that makes them slim in the middle.

Answers to Wangling Words—No. 471

1. BENNETT, THACKERAY.
2. LEOPARD—PANTHER.
3. (a) Splendid, (b) Defender.
4. El-y. Here-for-d.

JANE



IN LIMEHOUSE REACH

(Continued from Page 2)

"About five o'clock," said the mate. "I should like to try a steamer for a change," said the mother, and waxed garrulous on sailing craft generally, and her own in particular.

"There's five of us down there, with my husband and the two boys," said she, indicating the cabin with her thumb; "naturally it gets rather stuffy."

The mate sighed. He was thinking that under some conditions there were worse things than stuffy cabins.

"And Nancy's so discontented," said the mother, looking at the girl who was reading quietly by her side. "She doesn't like ships or sailors. She gets her head turned reading those penny novelettes."

"You look after your own head," said Nancy elegantly, without looking up.

"Girls in those novels don't talk to their mothers like that," said the elder woman severely.

"They have different sorts of mothers," said Nancy, serenely turning over a page. "I hate little pokey ships and sailors smelling of tar. I never saw a sailor I liked yet."

The mate's face fell. "There's sailors and sailors," he suggested humbly.

"It's no good talking to her," said the mother, with a look of fat resignation on her face, "we can only let her go her own way; if you talked to her twenty-four hours right off it wouldn't do her any good."

"I'd like to try," said the mate, plucking up spirit.

"Would you?" said the girl, for the first time raising her head and looking him full in the face. "Impudence!"

"Perhaps you haven't seen many ships," said the impressive mate, his eyes devouring her face. "Would you like to come and have a look at our cabin?"

"No, thanks!" said the girl

sharply. Then she smiled maliciously. "I daresay mother would, though; she's fond of poking her nose into other people's business."

The mother regarded her irrelevant offspring fixedly for a few moments. The mate interposed.

"I should be very pleased to show you over, ma'am," he said politely.

The mother hesitated; then she rose, and accepting the mate's assistance, clambered on to the side of the steamer, and, supported by his arms, sprang to the deck and followed him below.

"Very nice," she said, nodding approvingly, as the mate did the honours. "Very nice."

"It's nice and roomy for a little craft like ours," said the mate, as he drew a stone bottle from a locker and poured out a couple of glasses of stout. "Try a little beer, ma'am."

"What you must think o' that craft like o' mine I can't think," murmured the lady, taking a modest draught.

"The young," said the mate, who had not quit; reached his

twenty-fifth year, "are often like that." "It spoils her," said her mother. "She's a good-looking girl, too, in her way." "I don't see how she can help being that," said the mate. "Oh, get away with you," said the lady pleasantly. "She'll get fat like me as she gets older."

"She couldn't do better," said the mate tenderly.

"Nonsense," said the lady, smiling.

"You're as like as two peas," persisted the mate. "I made sure you were sisters when I saw you first."

"You ain't the first that's thought that," said the other, laughing softly; "not by a lot."

"I like to see ladies about," said the mate, who was trying desper-

ately for a return invitation. "I wish you could always sit there. You quite brighten the cabin up." "You're a flatterer," said his visitor, as he replenished her glass, and showed so little signs of making a move that the mate, making a pretext of seeing the engineer, hurried up on deck to singe his wings once more.

"Still reading?" he said softly, as he came abreast of the girl. "All about love, I s'pose."

"Have you left my mother down there all by herself?" inquired the girl abruptly.

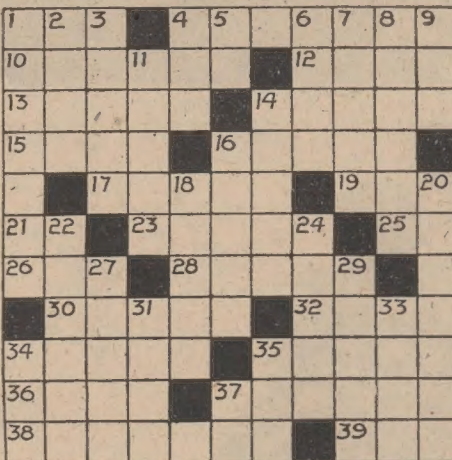
"Just a minute," said the mate, somewhat crestfallen. "I just came up to see the engineer."

"Well, he isn't here," was the discouraging reply.

READ THE ENDING TO-MORROW

CROSSWORD CORNER

CLUES ACROSS. 1 Scott. 4 Weak points.



- 10 Source.
- 12 Join.
- 13 On no occasion.
- 14 Wine.
- 15 Win.
- 16 Tribal emblem.
- 17 Rare thing.
- 19 Fresh.
- 21 Word of enquiry.
- 23 Kinds.
- 25 Behold.
- 26 Piece of wood.
- 28 Famous composer.
- 30 Fried.
- 32 A'lay.
- 34 Hard centres.
- 35 Struck attitude.
- 36 King's Lynn's river.
- 37 Abrogate.
- 38 Sprinkler.
- 39 Willy.

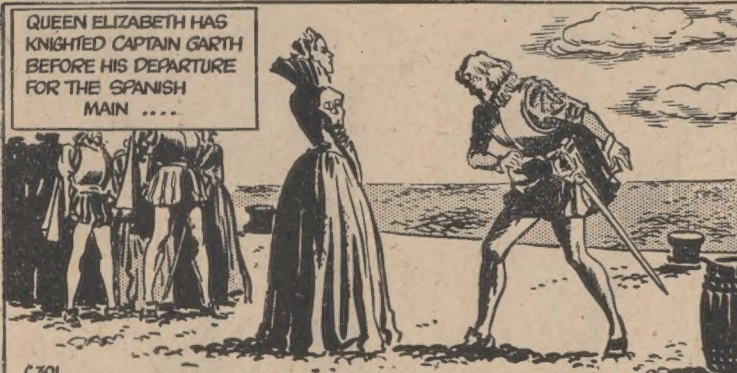
WEFT WAISTS
A LAYER PAY
LOOK BRAINS
PAPER AIR T
K NOONTIDE
BUR MUG TOM
EMULATES W
G FIN DAMES
INFECT BULL
NIL ERGOT I
SPEEDY TEAM

- CLUES DOWN.
- 1 Dog.
 - 2 Region.
 - 3 Of a city.
 - 4 Tree.
 - 5 Supported by.
 - 6 Blemish.
 - 7 Compare.
 - 8 Hard coating.
 - 9 Welkin.
 - 11 Cass.
 - 14 Incisor.
 - 16 Weary.
 - 18 Playing parts.
 - 20 Mundane.
 - 22 High reputation.
 - 24 English county.
 - 27 Shrub.
 - 29 Stratagems.
 - 31 Pip.
 - 33 Loyal.
 - 34 Fish.
 - 35 Through.
 - 37 Concerning.

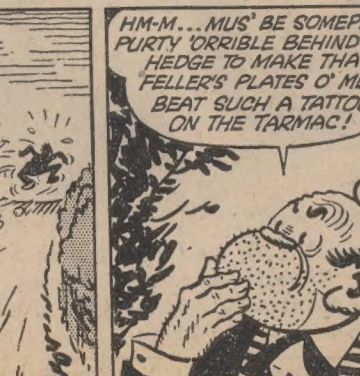
RUGGLES



GARTH



JUST JAKE



Sport Oddities

IN the first football season after the World War 1, Huddersfield Town started very badly. They could not win matches. Half as a joke, the manager bought the lamp used by Aladdin in the local pantomime. After that Huddersfield could not lose a match. They went through to the final of the Cup and took the lamp to Stamford Bridge under heavy guard. They won the match.

Even odder was the "mascot" that brought Billy Meredith a goal in his last Cup-tie at Brighton when he was 50. He was examining the turf before the match when he saw a farthing. He picked it up, jokingly saying it would be a luck-bringer. From the exact spot where he picked it up he later scored a brilliant goal.

DO you know the laws of football? Here's an oddity to test yourself. Making a poor goal-kick into a strong wind, a goalkeeper saw the ball returning to his own goal. Trying to save, he knocked the ball with his hands into the net. What should the referee award? The answer is a free kick (for playing the ball twice).

WHAT is the sport at which human beings attain the highest speed without mechanical propulsion? Undoubtedly riding down the Cresta Run, where speeds of over 80 m.p.h. are attained. The gradient of the "mile-long icicle" averages 1 in 7.7, and at one point is 1 in 2.8.

AND what is the slowest sport? Well, it can be cricket. In a game for Central India v. M.C.C., Mr. Yarde batted for 320 minutes for 24 runs. In 1930, in the Nottingham Test, Fairfax batted for 3½ hours for 14—but the wicket was sticky. No records have been kept of how many balls have been played consecutively without scoring. But D. R. Jardine once played 83 in a row without making a run, which must be very near it.

CENSOR KEEPS ON WORKING

STEADILY he plies his blue pencil, learning the refinements and the niceties of his craft—the hard way. We can only hope that his industry will not go unrecognised by his superiors in the Admiralty Censorship Division.

This one was only completed last night:—

What care I, how black I be,
Twenty — will — me.
If twenty won't, forty will.
I am my mother's bouncing gal.

How well he has illustrated the bounding confidence of youth! "Bouncing gal" seems just right to us—in fact, quite a handful, if we might hazard a guess.

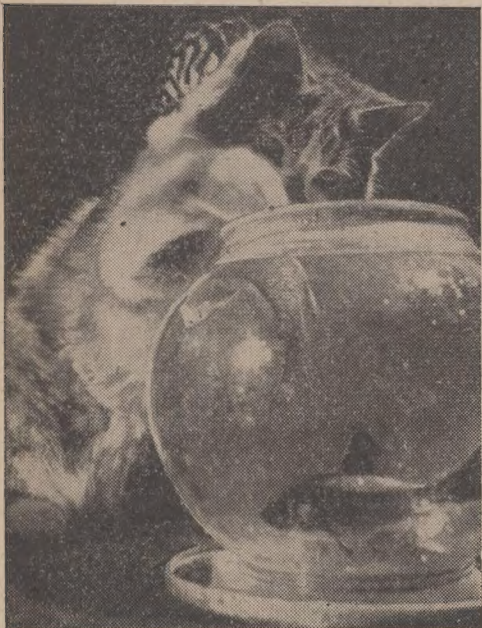
Good Morning



SPROG'S FIRST STEPS. The grandest baby in the world teeters towards the proudest father in the world.



THIS ENGLAND.—The lowing herd winds slowly down the lane in the lovely Devon village of Cockington, near Torquay. It's milking time, and very soon the warm milk will be frothing in the pails.



"All right, all right! I'm not going to hurt it. I just want to see what makes it go."



BOOMPS-A-DAISY! On account of her not being able to dig her heels in, A.C.W. Brenda Stephens hooks on with another portion of her anatomy. Hers is a bustle that bends to conquer — we hope!

"CARRY YOUR TRAIN, LADY?"



The gal in danger of tripping over her flowing skirts is Patricia Leonard, West End glamolette.

OUR CAT SIGNS OFF



"Now that's what I call a lovely tail!"